THE PACIFIC

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WHILE WE MAY.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out
So many times; they do
So many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too low or quick, such crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush some hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Nor quickly turn to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find,
We see them! For not blind
To love, we see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults— to you and me.
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less,
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words tonight
May be so cherished by tomorrow's light;
We may be patient for we know
There's such a little way to see and go.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

It required the labor of 150 men for six months and cost $250,000 to prepare the plans for New York's 62-story skyscraper building.

A London correspondent writes that Paris has "invented a new religion." "The religion is decidedly aesthetic and its followers believe that beauty is a saving grace, and that all that is ugly should be abhorred. This new cult has been described as a new gnostic religion. The service is very simple, and closely resembles the Roman Catholic mass, but the worshipers commune by kissing a rose."

Chicago boasts of "five maiden aunts" who the claim is have done more toward securing better industrial conditions in that city and in the country at large than any other like number of citizens, men or women, in the world. The "five maiden aunts" are Jane Addams of Hull House, Julia Lathrop, a charity expert; Mary McDowell of University Settlement; Margaret Haley, who organized the Teachers' Federation, and Dr. Cornelia De Bey, a practicing physician, who secured the settlement of the great stockyard strike by arbitration. Dr. De Bey has also been prominent in investigating factory violations of the child labor law and is a member of the Chicago Board of Education.

Southern Illinois has long been called Egypt. The reason for this is: "The year 1824 was very wet. Heavy rains fell frequently. Corn on all lands was a total failure. This year the weevil destroyed the wheat after it was harvested. The next year, 1825, there was a remarkable growth of thistles on the branch bottoms. The winter of 1830-1831 was known as the winter of deep snow. The snow was of a depth from two and a half to three feet on the level. It drifted much and was very destructive to fruit trees. The weather was intensely hot. Both in 1831 and 1832 the early frosts so injured the corn as to entirely render it worthless for almost any purpose. During the years between and including 1824-32, so nearly corresponding to the years of famine in the days of Pharoah and his ruler, as he made Joseph to be, the people in remembrance of the Bible story began to call the part of the State which had been so helpful in time of need Egypt."

A vacation of thirty days is given every horse owned and used by the postoffice department in the city of Washington. Chief Clerk Conrad recently signed an order granting one called "Charlie" thirty days in which to cavort around in a pasture in Montgomery county, Maryland, about six miles from the city. In addition to the thirty days' allowance, the board bill of the horses will be paid. Every employe of the government," said Mr. Conrad, "receives thirty days' annual vacation, and thirty days' sick leave, if necessary. I see no reason why the horses we employ to transact the business of the department in the city ought not to receive a rest, or a vacation, as it were, and hereafter I am going to send each and every one of the horses for a thirty-day period of rest. We can spare a great many of them in the summer time, and this is the time they will appreciate a rest fro mthe hot asphalt and welcome the green grass of the country and the shade of the trees."

Six thousand Hindus and a select English officials have recntly witnessed in the neighborhood of Madras a remarkable religious ceremony, the principal actors being Soivrastas, a sect of Brahmins. The festival was called "the march through the fire," and it is appropriately enough named. The proceedings were in honor of Brahma and Vishnu, the gods of water and fire. Prepartions for the ceremony had been going on for a month. A trench twenty-three feet long and nineteen feet deep was dug, and in it a fire was kindled. At sunrise forty fanatics, who were to demonstrate their asbestos nature, slowly marched around the furnace bearing the curious idols. The Soivrastas were clothed in yellow tunics, and without hesitation entered the fire trench singing a hymn, the refrain of which was "Govinda! Govinda!" After walking around this artificial Gehenna three times they emerged apparently none the worse for their experience, and have established an unassailable claim for sanctity among the people.

A recent report of the American Bible Society states that one of the most notable features of the present development of Mexico is the growth of religious tolerance. In June, says the report, "over six hundred Protestants of all denominations gathered in Guanajuato for a convention of Sunday-school workers and young people's societies. Thirty years ago Protestant missionaries were stoned and driven out of this same city of Guanajuato, and one may still see teh house in which they were besieged for a whole day and night before they were rescued by government troops. While the convention was in session the visitors received only courtesy on every hand. The governor met and cordially welcomed a committee from the young people's societies, sending a pleasant message to the convention and expressing a desire to possess a collection of the essays and discourses which might be presented during the sessions. All of which goes to show that Protestantism and religious liberty are making great strides in Mexico; and one of the potent factors in this progress has always been the work of the American Bible Society." One of the very extraordinary events of the year, continues the report, was the renunciation of the Catholic religion by Senor Antonio Valiente y from the hot asphalt and welcome the green grass of the Methodist Church, South.

Several Congregational colleges have given up their denominational control in order to come within the provisions of the Carnegie pension fund. At a recent meeting of the Catholic Educational Association in Cincinnati the following resolution was adopted: "While we deem those who give endowments to the cause of education worthy of high praise as friends of the young and benefactors of the State, we hold that all gifts bestowed on such conditions as will tempt colleges to abadon the faith in which they were founded are injurious to Christianity and subversive of those principles of religion and morality on which this country was founded, has grown, and will prosper." We notice that our

Methodist brethren are advising slowness of procedure. The Rev. Dr. Nicholson, for example, says in the Western Christian Advocate: "Christianity still does its work through the medium of denominations. In our day, happily, these differ less in creed than in form of government, polity, and methods of administration. However much we may desire unity, its day is not yet. There is little difference between the Christian spirit of Methodist, Presbyterian, or Congregational colleges, where this spiritual evolution, which is slowly but surely going on, has been suffered with outside interference. We are to have in God's good time, a union of two Methodisms, and then in turn of Methodism, Presbyterianism, and Congregationalism, and ultimately a solid Protestantism; but there is every reason to believe that we shall have denominational divisions of the Lord's army for at least a generation or more. The entire severance of denominational control not only cuts off important supplies, but what is more vital, it breaks the church connection. The future Christian leaders, both laymen and ministers, come from the colleges. Their influence is more than anything else the leaven of the larger Christianity. If, now, we remove the denominational control, we remove the college leaven from the church lump and we make it difficult, if not impossible, to do our real work. We have wilfully and thoughtlessly put from us our opoprtunity. Leaven is useless unless it is working in a specific mass which is capable of leavening. Far better, therefore, to keep on the inside. to be true to the ever opening vision of Christ and his truth, and when we all come into the final Christianity to bring our constituency with us." In our opinion, after making the admission that there is little difference between the denominations, Dr. Nicholson is without much argument against surrendering denominational control.

SUMMER IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

W. N. Burr.

Cool mornings; comfortable forenoons; the afternoons still rather suggestive of the heat that has been, and does not yet seem quite ready to give up; the nights rather warm at one end and quite cool at the other—that is perhaps a fair description of the San Joaquin Valley weather of the past week. This morning there is a hint of dreamy autumn in the air. One in close sympathy with Nature cannot but feel supremely comfortable in mind and body. If there is any poetry in a man, such a morning is sure to set it tingling all through his being. He need not necessarily break forth into rhyme, though blessed is the man who can "**write** poetry"—the genuine article. But quite as blessed is the man who can **feel** it as he stands in the midst of "the outstretched grandeur of the outdoor world," and takes

"— with forehead bare,
The benediction of the air."

We are at this moment in the company of two poets—George Macdonald and Whittier. Such interpreters of what some of the rest of us feel in our best moments are the most helpful friends a man can have.

The poetic features of a situation sometimes seem to pale before its practical demands, but I am not sure but there is usually place for both. I have just been writing a sermon on neighborliness, brotherhood, our obligations to the man in need, whether he be a sick neighbor across the way, or a man in spiritual darkness on the other side of the globe. I am full of the subject, because the air is full of it in these days, and one cannot breathe healthfully without taking in a good deal of the oxygen of humanitarianism. Or is humanitarianism the nitrogen, and "the first and great commandment" the oxygen that enter largely into the air we breathe in these days, when we get the purest of it? However this may be, I have just finished my sermon on the scecond commandment, that is "like unto" the "first and great commandment," and now there is a knock at the door. A man is admitted, one of the "brother men" I have had in mind while writing my semi-charity, semi-missionary sermon—that is, one of the same sort. This man is a perfect stranger to me. He nas the dark skin and the black hair of a Turk, and his broken English is **so** broken that it is with difficulty that I can put the pieces together and make anything out of them. The soiled papers that he hands me state that he is "a Nestorian Christian from Kurdistan," and that he has been a student at some institution in Oroomiah, Persia. He has been in the United States about one year, and he is seeking financial help that he may pursue his studies at a certain "university" in this country.

Now "Kurdistan," "Oroomiah,"—there is poetry in the thought of them; and there is something in the idea of mission work in such places that appeals to the "sentiment" in a man, if there is any there. And this representative of the people there—he is by no means unpoetic in his appearance. He has an open, frank face, a clear eye that does not drop under one's steady gaze. There is a good deal about him that will appeal strongly to a man who has just been writing a "brotherhood" sermon. Now, what shall we do with him—regard him as the wounded man who lies half dead by the wayside, and play the Good Samaritan, or turn him out and let him shift for himself as best he can? I go with him to the home of a brother minister, and we face the problem together.

There is a little hesitation on our part with regard to the man's demand for financial aid. I am thinking of a member of my own family who will soon be ready for college expenses, and the brother minister across the room has certain financial problems of his own that pull hard just now.

The man from Kurdistan becomes impatient. He speaks with some considerable force, and this is what I pick out of the broken sentences:

"Jesus Christ said that Christians who have money must help their needy brother. I am your brother!"

And I have prepared myself to go into my pulpipt next Sunday and say to the people just what this man is now saying to us, that he, and such as he, have the brotherhood claim upon us; and at the same time I hesitate about putting my hand in my pocket and giving him the dollar that is there!

And it all ends in this: that he goes away having received from us a great deal more good advice than money. I do not give him a cent.

Why not? Because, after considering all that has been revealed in our talk with him I am convinced that the advice I give him is in every way better for him than it would be for me to give him my money. He is my brother, and I am not my brother's keeper; I am **more** than that—I am my brother's brother. The sentiment, the poetry of it all, is not marred in the least by his close contact with the situation in the concrete. I have not done for this brother the thing he seemed to think I ought to do as his brother, but I have given him something that will be better for him in the long run, if he will keep it and make use of it; and that he will do if he is in any sense worthy the help of his brothers. Sometimes the most brotherly thing one can do for his needy brother is to show him his side of the brotherhood compact.

I shall give my people my sermon just as I have prepared it. I have had both the poetical and the practical phases of it well drilled into me now, and I am sure that each has its place. There is no reason why either should crowd out the other. I shall urge my people to look with compassion upon the man who is down, and to give him the helping hand. I shall try to fire them with enthusiasm for the work of Christian missions in Kurdistan and any other portion of the globe where the people sit in darkness. I shall urge them to give of their money to support such work, and I shall give of my own store as I am able for the same purpose — through the Mission Boards. But I shall not give to any and every individual who happens along and demands money for himself on the ground of brotherhood.

I can trust the Mission Boards to make good use of any money I may put into their hands. I cannot always trust the individual who moves from town to town begging for himself.

Summer in the San Joaquin Valley is not all dullness and heat and picturesqueness, by any means. We keep close to the home-nest during these summer weeks, but the ends of the earth come to us.

Tulare, August 21, 1908.

REMINISCENT OF VACATION.

N. C. Gause.

Seeking life at the heart of nature, my friend, Dr. S. E. Lynd, president of Montana College, and I set out, the latter part of June. We went by rail to the end of the road in Northern Napa county. Thence we went on foot. Our packs each consisted of heavy army blankets and a comforter, a miniature cooking outfit, condensed provisions, and sundry articles necessary for comfortable existence. These were rolled into canvas hammocks. The entire camp outfit of each weighed only twenty-eight pounds and was easily adjusted to the back by means of straps over the shoulders.

The first night we broiled our bacon, spread our blankets, prefering the ground to the hammocks for some reason, in spite of reptiles, and built our crackling camp-fire beside a clear stream in a side-canyon in the foothills of Mt. St. Helena.

The next night we repeated this manner of life far up on the mountain-side under fragrant firs and lace-like redwoods.

My friend's vacation was an enforced short one. When we parted company one early morning at four-thirty o'clock, he returned to San Francisco and the sole survivor of the party swung into the highway and tramped 14 miles before the sun got hot.

You would not like to go alone. A congenial soul is desirable, to be sure. I missed my friend, but two weeks out of the year alone, away from men, will not hurt one. But, in reality, I was not alone. Overhanging, moss-covered oak reached out their gnarled branches to greet me; giant firs and redwoods spread refreshing shade in my pathway, and gurgling springs seemed eager to share their shaded nooks and refresh the dusty traveler. Here and there quail scurried across the road into the brush; now and then huge jack-rabbits bounded across open spaces; squirrels played over fallen trunks of trees or sat upright as I passed, and, rounding curves, deer were seen on distant crags, while overhead brilliant birds flashed their colors in the sun.

Several hours rest during the heat of the day at Anderson Springs, a bath in the hot sulphur spring-water, and then on to Glenbrook by evening, making a distance of twenty-five miles, and finally a camp-fire by the suspended hammock, made up the first day alone.

But the day melted into the night and is not to be forgotten. On the mountain-side there was a woodman's camp.

Each sturdy woodman had joined a circle before a blazing camp-fire. Each sat and smoked in silence, with stolid indifference to all the world. A phonograph vied with a violin for first place in the hearts of the choppers. I think the violin, which doubtless once made music for its master in a vine-covered cottage of sunny Italy, won out. The discs for the phonograph seemed limited in number and they refused to repeat, but the inexhaustible music of the violin, handled by the Italian, swept far into the night. My camp-fire burned low; likewise the flickering flames of the dying embers in the choppers' camp fell back into the heap of ashes as the woodmen rose silently, one by one, and vanished into the blackness of their tents and wooden shacks.

Under the silent innumerable stars I lay transfixed by the sweet tones of the instrument in the hands of the unknown genius. Finally, roused to consciousness by a sudden gust of wind which fanned the ashen embers into a flame, I stirred myself and adjusted the blankets for the night. As I lay outstretched the light of the moon sifted upon the instrument and the player, and, through the lace-like foliage of the forest, the moonbeams seemed to continue to carry to my ear the melodious tones of the violin.

Thus lying and listening, I fell into a deep, sweet sleep, dreaming of the mighty men of the forest, of my companion who had returned, and of loved ones far, far away, and, in my dreamland imagination, I yielded myself to the music of the spheres.

The next morning I was awakened by the bird-chorus of the forest. How charming that chorus is! Did you ever hear it? If not, listen, in imagination, to its wondrous raptures. At the first gray tinge of dawn there stole to my ear a short subdued note from somewhere out of the silence, and, after a pause, there came another and another. With the silent shifting of the scenery of the heavens the stars grew dim and the soft gray light yielded to sharper hues, and then a leader of the bird-chorus gave expression to a distinct clear note followed by a full song. As the first gleam of the morning sun pierced the lofty crags, high overhead the wood-chorus flung its rapturous music to the sky, growing fuller and more exuberant as the rising sun pierced the treetops, and finally, as the mellowing dawn flooded the world, it died down as harmoniously as it arose.

The next few days were spent in tramping up through Lake county, made famous for its beautiful blue, emerald and sapphire lakes and its innumerable springs. But of the latter I shall never forget Soda Springs at Soda Bay. It is located at the south end of Clear Lake, a charming body of water twenty-nine miles long and ten in width. The soda spring is out in the lake and emits a volume of water apparently as large as a man's body. One rows out to the spring in a boat, and anchoring, enters an enclosure.

By means of suspended ropes one lets himself down

into the gurgling spring. The sensation is invigorating, and, I am told, the medicinal qualities are splendid. At times the spring is more active than at others. It reminds one of the historical pool of Bethesda in which sufferers bathe "when the waters are troubled."

But, speaking of companionship, one makes friends along the way—children, ranchmen, tourists and natives. Of the latter, the Digger Indians are the type. An afternoon, sitting on the ground with them in camp, watching their quaint ways of sleeping, eating, weaving, cooking, etc., getting photographs and listening to weird stories of bygone days when this sad, oppressed, subdued and conquered race knew no white man and the wild, rugged Pacific slope was their unquestionable heritage, makes an outing bristle with fascinating interest.

Tramping on and on, my poor feet became feverish with many blisters, and promising them I would not require of then another effort, I took the stage one morning at five o'clock.

To me one of the most fascinating things of a frontier vacation is to be mounted on the high top-seat of a four-horse mountain stage making scheduled time. Horses are changed at sufficiently frequent relays to insure speed. Things move at the crack of the whip and with a rumbling certainty of getting there. Passengers, being more closely packed than on railway trains, are as one jolly picnic crowd.

A bride and groom clambered aboard at Laurel Dell in a shower of rice, and the occasion added spice to the wild ride. Here and there pioneer squatters stood at the road in front of their cabins and reached up to the driver a letter to be mailed as the latter hurled a sack of mail at his feet. In this there was not the slightest checking of the speed. Teams that we met and overtook gave the right of way, and as we dashed past it made a fellow feel important to be traveling by stage.

I wish I had time to tell of the diverse scenery, the extensive grazing land, the great forests, the fine fruit country, and all the rest.

Toward the end of the journey, in Northern Mendocino county, I got beyond the stage and even wagon-road, and traveled on horseback by trail. Leaving a ranch one morning at five A. M., we mounted higher and higher through a dense fog. Finally we emerged above it. Then we had a sight I shall never forget. We were on the ridge of the mountains. We overlooked the Eel River Valley. The fog filled it. It stretched for miles. Upon it the sun shone with resplendent glory. Thus we were above the clouds. The latter bathed the forests, rock-cleft hills and rugged canyons at our feet. In the purple haze of the distance snow-capped mountains lifted their supernal heights toward the blue-vaulted heavens. The slowly shifting clouds beneath us rolled like mighty living objects in a wonderland of fancy. For hours we rode with this ever-changing, indescribable panorama before us that extended from our very feet to where the distant clouds and sky melted into a fading line.

One might go on in endless description of the inexhaustible riches of even a two-weeks outing. One comes home with curios and photographs, a brown tan and new blood, a keen appreciation of duty, a firmer grip upon life, and a conscious, moral certainty of going again.

Some people love their enemies so they will come up close, that they may swat them good and plenty.

Nobody goes to church because nobody goes to church.

VACATION VAGARIES.

By W. H. G. Temple, D.D.

VII.

I have had a theory, which I have not always followed, that it is generally not best for a preacher to preach during his vacation. That theory has been coupled with another, namely, that he ought seldom, very seldom, to surrender his pulpit to another during his work-year. Both of these theories show their weakness, if they are to demand universal application. Both have a strong element of truth in them which may too often be forgotten. A minister may guard his pulpit so closely as to be accusable of priggishness. He may give up to every one who comes along, and so get the reputation for laziness. He may spend his vacations in such absolute idleness that the public will get the idea that he cares little for his work. He may so regularly employ his month, or months, of supposed rest in weekly engagements in other pulpits as to give cause for the suspicion that he is mainly after the income.

If his church pays him a salary so close to his living expenses that his only means of getting a poor makeshift for a vacation is to earn the price of it by extra work, when he should be resting, that church ought to be told very plainly of its parsimony, or be assisted in its poverty, by some fearless, or financially able, person. Primarily, a vacation is for rest. If the minister has put out all that was in him during the ten or eleven months of his working pastorate, as a rule, he will have not only richly earned his annual rest, but he will be absolutely in need of it.

Yet, even admitting that, there are two qualifying things to say: Preaching is not the exhausting work of any pastorate. That is the inspiring part of it. If it were not for the uplift of Sunday, many a pastor would break down long before his age demanded cessation. Two good pulpit sweats furnish the steam for the remainder of the week. On the other hand, many a preacher is tired out and does not know it. It is one of the contradictions of human nature that the man who does his work the most vigorously and enthusiastically is almost altogether unconscious of exhaustion. His buoyant temperament and his complete abandonment in his work keep him at a nerve height for the time being. When the crash does come it is apt to be serious, and sometimes fatal.

Some years I have stayed right in my own pulpit and have done my full work all through the vacation period and have not felt any strain whatever. For the most part, I have found, however, that a complete change was better for me—and for my parish. When one goes among old friends, back to a former parish, for instance, he can hardly escape altogether the delight of preaching. Nor does he desire to. Of course, he knows that he needs to be preached to. We all need that. Some of us need it more really than some of the people we have been preaching to. The pulpit is fond of its view points. It is well for it to get occasionally the viewpoint of the pew. However we may claim to preach to ourselves, we are seldom conscious of being self-hit very hard. Hence the necessity of discipline in this regard.

I confess, in spite of my need, it is difficult to take this kind of medicine, pleasant though the dose may be. I am not critical of others' putting of the truth. I never listen but I am benefitted. If anybody should accuse me of restlessness because of the quality of the preaching I hear during my vacations, I would vigorously, even vehemently scout the accusation. I have often been melted to tears by listening to one of God's servants proclaiming the truth. I have as often been wonderfully impressed by the grandeur of the gospel. I think that preachers are, as a rule, the most sympathetic listeners in the world. They know the perils, as well as the power, of preaching.

If we wriggle in our seats, it is not the fault of the man who is preaching to us. It is our fault, and it is to our credit that it is. No man who has not enjoyed the luxury of preaching can understand that feeling of commendable jealousy that comes over the preacher in the pew. He feels out of place. Another is doing the work which belongs to him. All the time the officiating minister

is unfolding the truth, the preacher-hearer is unfolding the truth from that text, or topic, as it comes to him. Perhaps he has preached from that very text himself. I seldom listen to another from a text which I have not used. After a man has preached more than a thousand sermons, this is apt to be the case; not because there are few more available texts, but because we all follow quite closely in the same trail. The truth we have gotten out of the text, and our way of putting it may not be as good as the truth and the method of the preacher confronting us, but they are ours. Then the thought forces itself that we should be up there delivering the message instead of being merely recipients in the pew. Isn't that so, brethren? If the preacher in the congregation does not feel these emotions in some form, I pity him. Preaching cannot be a luxury to him. And if it is not a luxury, he had better follow some other occupation. Unless he looks from Sunday to Sunday as from Pisgah height to Pisgah height, his anticipation will not lift him up to the altitude of God. Unless when he comes upon a text all luminous with precious truth, and so luminous that it sets him instantaneously in halo, and makes him as exultant as a prospector would be when he had struck a rich vein of ore, he does not know the gladness of discovery. Unless he mount his platform convinced that he has a message straight from the eternal throne, which he must deliver or be derelict in his duty, I doubt very much whether he enjoys to the full his peculiar vacation. Lacking these emotions, he had better try digging clams, or hoeing corn, or selling drygoods, or canvassing life insurance; for without them he has not the true conception of the prophetic office.

Some one has said that in these days of grace we want more prophets and fewer parrots. I think that sentence was framed more for the alliteration than the allegations in it. Men like to say things for the sake of saying them and not because of their evident truth. I doubt not there are some parrots in the pulpit—let us hope very few. But there certainly should be more prophets conscious of the dignity and power of their office. If there were, loftier themes would be discussed, deeper emotions would be enkindled, holier lines would be the result, and the more rapid extension of the kingdom of Christ would greet our anxious eyes on every hand. There would be less entertainment furnished evening audiences and more convincing and convicting truth. There would, in fact, be more congregations and fewer audiences, more gospel and fewer gimcracks, more spiritual and less intellectual brilliancy, more home thrusts and straight shots than merely feathered arrows fluttering like colored plumage in the air for no purpose but admiration.

O God, send down upon thy pulpits power!
Thy prophets and men's servants would we be,
Who stand, and in the splendid liberty
Of thy great gospel, talk of Mercy's hour;
Who bring to mourning souls thy Spirit's dower;
Who strive to force gold-blinded men to see
The lust of greed, the galling slavery
Of Mammon's reign, and point to Love's safe tower.
Forgive us, if in literary pride
The message has been all—the aim forgot;
And let us see anew the Crucified,
And in thy mighty love forsake us not.
Though love be hid in wrath, and storm-clouds lower,
O God, send down upon thy pulpits power!

* * * * *

There is another side to this picture, and that is the part occupied by the people. When the summer heat comes on, the people scatter. To the aggravation of the over-anxious minister they may appear to be icebergs during the winter and spring, but no sooner does the thermometer begin to get ambitious than they, like icebergs, melt away and may be no more easily found. In eastern cities it is beginning to be understood that the church year (?) extends from November 1st till May 1st, the balance—fully a half, you see—being given over to ——! At first they run down to their summer homes on Saturdays, just for the dear children's sakes—but forget to return till Monday. The thinning ranks in the church auditorium and in the Sunday-school settees make a chill come to the parson's heart, for as the weather gets warmer he begins to shiver. Black walnut and red cushions are not inspiring to a man with a full-hearted gospel. Then a little later the evening service is abandoned and a subterfuge substituted in the shape of an open-air service in a neighboring park, held at 3:00 in the afternoon, which a group of churches of varying denominations in the vicinage are supposed to attend.

But they don't, neither do their pastors, except when they have a leading part. Nobody feels any responsibility for these services, so they are beneficial to some church people and a motley crowd of idlers and picnicers who are resting under the trees and lounging about the lawns. Doubtless such a service is better than none, but it is a poor substitute for the individual services that ought to be heard in the various churches. Its establishment is an acknowledgment that the individual churches have failed to keep the congregations up to the mark of fidelity. This would not be so bad if the morning services were not pitifully scanty of attendance. In addition to that humiliating fact, it makes a deplorable condition. The only worse condition is that where it is necessary to close up the church altogether.

Now I am not inclined to be pessimistic over all this. It is alarming, even startling; but I do not think it so much indicates depravity of heart, as it lays bare a condition of things domestically and commercially apparently beyond our control in this twentieth century civilization. It is natural for city-crowded people to desire to get to the green fields and the fragrant woods as soon as possible after spring sets in. There is something very innocent and charming in a sincere love for nature and nature's best.

But the trouble is that frequently it does not appear to be nature that attracts, but a love of ease and a desire to be let alone as far as duty is concerned. The groves may have been God's first temples, but mighty few do any worship in them. If, as the city churches are deserted, the country churches could be filled, there would be at least some compensation for the apparent loss. Let us hope this may be more generally the case than we have so far discovered. In this city the exodus is not nearly so great as in many other cities we have known. Large congregations still greet the summer supply. But the habit is evidently growing and in a few years may be just as virulent as in the heated, if not the Godless, East. To all of which let me add:

Said the Hinge to the Knob on the old church door,
In the month of July, nineteen hundred and four:—
"How many are absent, this beautiful day,
From the house of prayer and the Christian way."
Said the Knob to the Hinge, as it turned just so:
"It's the listless summer-time, don't you know!"

"But one would think," quoth the Hinge in reply,
"That a balmy breeze and a clear blue sky
Would so fill the hearts of the saints with joy
That they'd find in their Father's house employ."
"Not so," croaked the Knob, "since long, long ago,—
At least in the summer-time, don't you know!

"In the fall and the winter, and spring-time, too,
The saints have not very much they can do;
So they hie them forth to the house of prayer,
And pretend they are perfectly satisfied there."
"But they're not," snapped the Hinge, "only whisper it tho',
Or they'd be in the summer-time, don't you know!

"Just peek through the keyhole," the Hinge went on,
"And count up the faithful—just fifty-one;
I can se through the crack here, close at my side,
And don't wonder the preacher is mortified.
It's mostly all cushion and pew-back, oh!
It's summer-time piety, don't you know!"

The Knob sneered out, and the Hinge agreed:
"The people are just tired out, indeed;
They needed not only a good long rest
From their work, but their spiritual interest;
It's reaction now, and why should they go
To church in the summer-time, don't you know?

"The minister goes to the mountains, or sea;

The people can go quite as well as he;
The church door is open, and you can descry
The brave fifty-one and the pulpit supply.
It's a shame," cry the Knob and the Hinge, "for lo!
It's the indolent summer-time, don't you know!

"Ah, hear!" they continued in duet clear,
"Piety's known by the time of the year;
When the tube is low, then the spirit is hot
And ready for service; and like as not,
When the mercury's high the motive is low,—
As it is in the summer-time, don't you know!

"They're gone from the city to sea and to hill,
But the city is crowded with needy ones still;
And as for the saints on vacation away,
They forget their religion wherever they stay—
That is, most of them do—'tis a tale of woe,
This tale of the summer-time, don't you know!"

* * * * *

O God of the summer-time, be with us yet,
Though so many so often are prone to forget;
Bless the few who are faithful, increase their store
Of grace, as thou didst in the days of yore,
That the many may learn, as they will, I trow,
That heaven's just summer-time, don't you know!

Seattle, August 24, 1908.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR SEPT. 6, 1908.
Rev. Henry K. Booth.

Songs of the Heart, IX. A Life Lived with God, Psa. 91.

The 90th and 91st Psalms, as even a casual glance will reveal, are closely connected with each other in thought and structure, are parts of a single literary composition. The traditional title, "A Prayer of Moses" gives us the clue to the motif or theme of the poem, for they indicate that these psalms were inspired by that ancient composition entitled in our Bible, "The Song of Moses" (Deut. 32). As we turn to this we find that its oft-repeated theme is, "God is the Rock of our Salvation." This theme of the Song of Moses is likewise the unifying thought of these two poems, Psalm 90 setting forth the eternity of this Rock; Psalm 91 the protection of this overshadowing Rock. And as we remember that the Song of Moses probably found its origin and inspiration under the very shadow of Sinai, the mount of God, we can easily understand why God is described under that beautiful figure of the Rock or Mountain, with its sense of eternity and protection. And it is a universal figure; for the influence of the mountains has been a potent factor in the life of every race of men. Well has Quayle said: " 'I will lift mine eyes unto the hills' is not the saying of one man, but of the race." Their peace, their strength, their eternity are felt by us all. So it was a wise instinct that led the ancient poet to call Jehovah his "Rock of Salvation."

Something of the majestic calm of lofty mountain ranges lingers in the 91st Psalm. Its very cadences are vocal with the music of the gentle and cooling wind that breathes through the tops of the pines. The soothing music of this psalm sings on in human hearts and modern "sweet singers of Israel" have given us its echoes in such hymns as "There Is a Safe and Secret Place," "Call Jehovah Thy Salvation," "In Heavenly Love Abiding," "Under His Wings" and last, but not least, "Rock of Ages." It is no wonder that this sweet and beautiful psalm is so endeared to human hearts for its breathes forth heaven's own peace.

As we turn now to the psalm itself we are at once struck by the rapid interchange of persons, which necessitates a consideration of the structure of the poem. Some of the psalms which we have already studied are expressions of religious feelings in poetry designed for private devotions. But a great many psalms, notably the section to which this psalm is introductory, were intended for use in the temple-worship called liturgical psalms. We should call this psalm in modern parlance an anthem. Its arrangement thus becomes clear. It is introduced by a recitative (verse 1), then a solo voice sings verse 2. The chorus then takes up the theme enunciated by the soloist (verses 3-8), elaborating the thought of the divine protection. Again the soloist sings (verse 9), "For Thou, O Jehovah, Art My Refuge," and again the chorus elaborates the theme (verse 9b-13). The anthem closes with a fine climax, a great chorus passage (verses 14-16), in which it voices God's promises to the one who trusts in him.

It is thus clear that we have here one of the finest anthems of the Hebrew Church, which was doubtless rendered by trained choirs to the accompaniment of instrumental music.

But far above all enjoyment of its literary beauty is the value of this psalm as a song of the heart. For it sets forth the refuge that every soul may find in God. The attacks of enemies by night and by day, the perils that involve whole communities in death—these need not affright the man who trusts in God. Guarded by angels, the soul can walk the rockiest, wildest path without fear of falling into the pitfalls of sin, or of danger from open or insidious temptation. The divine promise assures deliverance from all that would seek to harm the life and entrance upon a blessed and sweet communion with God.

This is the promise of this psalm to the Christian. The world knows nothing of the peace, the calm sense of security of the man whose life is lived with God. The blessings of the sweet place are only open to those who say: "Thou, O Jehovah, Art My Refuge!" But to sorrowing and troubled hearts weighed down by burdens, harrassed by temptations, surfeited with woe, depressed by failure—what a world of sweet comfort and peace in the words of this psalm. How the homing spirit turns to it for refuge and sanctuary. "The life lived with God is a life of peace, of untroubled serenity of power"—this is the message of the 91st Psalm.

Among the Churches.

San Francisco, First.—Large congregations greeted Dr. Adams last Sunday. In the evening he spoke to a crowded house on "Around the World in Eighty Days." Dr. and Mrs. Adams report a very delightful trip.

San Rafael.—The members of the San Rafael church are greatly encouraged over the prospect of the future. Last Sunday night the church was crowded to hear the sacred concert. Nearly $400 has been raised to repair the exterior and interior of the church. It has been demonstrated that there is large hope and much usefulness for this church.

Redwood.—The household of Rev. C. C. Kirtland has sustained a severe loss in the death of little Katherine, the second daughter, who passed away after a short illness (peritonitis), on Wednesday, August 19th, at the age of three and a half years. It was a short life, but long enough for the sunny fair-haired maiden to win a warm

place in many hearts, and the sorrow-stricken parents have the sympathy of the entire community.

Oakland, Fourth.—The article on the many-sided man in The Pacific of last week was much appreciated, as also is such a man. We have one of that sort who not only can do all these things and accomplish the results described, but if necessary, can sing a good tenor in the choir, and deliver to us later a good sermon. I refer to our pastor, Rev. F. H. Maar, who is most competent along these helpful lines and is doing good to all with whom he comes in contact. On last Sunday morning we had the privilege of listening to an earnest address by the chaplain of the battleship West Virginia on "Individual Responsibility."

JOTTINGS.

What's In a Name?

There's a good deal in it sometimes. It was more than forty years ago that I first heard of Cloverdale; and I no sooner heard the name than I wished to see the place. A year or two thereafter I did see it, when Dr. Warren invited me to be his companion in a Home Missionary exploring trip through the length of Sonoma County and up into Mendocino, and then through a part of Lake County, and so home.

Out of this came the organization of the goodly church at Cloverdale, the dear little German mother of which, Mrs. Gerkhardt, I always call upon when there. It is with a worthy pride and an imitation quite pardonable in a matron of ninety-two, that she always contrives to tell me that she "named the town." The town ought to hold her in grateful remembrance for it. She was one of the five women and two men who were organized into our church and with whom it began to work, and no one of them was more deeply interested or more busily and practically helpful than she. She is happily cared for in her old age, and is waiting for the glad and welcome summons which will make her young forevermore.

Meanwhile the town she named is growing steadily in size and more rapidly in beauty, adopting as its nom-de-plume, "the Orange City," and our church grows with it, having received last year eleven on confession and three by letter. Its pastor, Rev. Henry Ainsworth, and the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church are brothers, both unmarried, both beloved by their people, and especially close in their affection each for the other. I have mentioned already their sole defect, for which they are the more blameworthy because it can be so easily and happily set right.

I commend to their attention 1 Timothy iii:2, reminding them that the bishop in Paul's time was simply the pastor of a church like that at Cloverdale.

Apportionments.

The Committee of the General Association on the "appointment" plan for fostering and organizing and distributing the benevolent offerings of our churches, is to meet on August 31st, and has kindly invited the representatives of our more prominent missionary societies to meet with them.

There can be, it seems to me, no question that the idea of such an apportionment is right and wise. It is an attempt to let each church know what the work of our whole fellowship of churches is—how great and good it is—and what is needful in order to carry this work forward unimpeded by lack of funds, and then to suggest to each church what portion of the whole amount seems to fall to its share, and ask whether the church can undertake to meet this apportionment. It involves, also, I dare say, a suggestion as to the proportion of the whole amount needed which should go to each department of our benevolences—a matter upon which, if I am not mistaken, our General Council has already acted, but in respect to which, so far as its own gifts are concerned, each church will freely decide for itself.

And here the first fact to be distinctly discerned, and therefore to be distinctly enunciated, is that an apportionmentment is "not an assessment." It is not in theory; we must be careful that it is not so in fact—careful that no church is made to feel that it will pass out of fellowship, or that it will be branded by sister churches with marks of disdain or disapproval if it does not accept, or does not fulfill the tasks assigned. We are not called and we are not qualified thus to judge one another.

The peril is in the making of these apportionments. It cannot be done to any useful purpose whatever on any easy-going process of arithmetic, such as finding in the year-book the number of members, resident or non-resident, in each church and then multiplying it by two or three or five and then sending in a cold business-like letter, a notification to the church—"your apportionment is 'such or such a sum.'"

We, men, have been stupid enough to try this plan; our sisters of the Woman's Board and the Woman's Home Missionary Union, never. And it seems to have taken us, men, some thirty-five years to learn from them what our sisters have discerned at the outset. It looked to some of us timid masculines a too adventurous scheme—this organizing of a Woman's Board of Foreign Missions for the Pacific coast at a time when our churches all over the coast were so few and far between—were so poor in purse and had so great a work on hand — here among ourselves.

I remember with great distinctness the view which one man took of it and how he set it forth to the wife of his bosom, only to be so completely sat down upon that he has not to this day recovered wholly from the shame of his manlike cowardice. What did our sisters do after perfecting their organization and taking up their task? As their appeal could not be made directly to the churches, they set about organizing auxiliaries of ladies in every church; then they supplied each auxiliary with the best literature they could get hold of on missions—brief, pointed, lively, often witty. Meanwhile they acquainted themselves as thoroughly as possible with the membership of each auxiliary, and having taken for the whole Board a definite sum to be secured, an apportionment—so to call it—from the A. B. C. F. M., they distributed this among the auxiliaries, most carefully avoiding any air of the task-master, but asking if the auxiliary could undertake that amount.

And the plan worked from the first. We, doubters, were put to gladsome shame by the reports of the very first year.

Just as it must be no matter of reproach to a church that it does not come up to the apportionment suggested by the committee, still less must it be a matter of criticism that for all causes or for any one cause it far exceeds the amount assigned. Irreparable damage would ensue if the representative of one society should be found complaining that a church had given to some other department of our work more than its share. It is next to inconceivable that there should be any such thought—much less that it should get expression. Yet the warning is not unreasonable, and may-be, not superfluous.

W. C. P.

THE HOME

THE EVERY-DAY WOMAN.

The every-day woman, who is she? Not the fashionable woman with so many engagements that she is as weary on Saturday night as a cook who has been broiling and baking since Monday, nor yet the woman at the other end of the plane, wearing her life out in the extreme of penury. The woman I have in mind is neither very rich or very poor, very learned or very ignorant; she is in the large and respectable class of average people from whom America draws its best citizens. Overseeing her housework, supervising her children, looking after the comfort of her husband, taking a more or less active share in the work of her church and of the community in which she dwells, the every-day woman is a familiar figure, and we all know and love her. She is wife, mother, daughter, sister, sweetheart, friend. Neither amibitious nor aggressive, complaining nor dissatisfied, she fills her place and the candle she holds in her hand sheds light on the circumstances of her home and her village. She is simply the dear every-day woman, contented to stay where the Lord has put her, and to her finger-tips she is a feminine being, satisfied with feminine occupations and fulfilling feminine duties.

Now, to this woman as time passes, there come certain perils and disadvantages. She sometimes finds, as her sons and daughters emerge from babyhood and its consequent dependence, that she is growing lonely. Her husband, even if engrossed in business, has, notwithstanding an outlet for any superfluous energy in his interest in politics, either of the State or county, while, of course local affairs enlist, to some extent, every good man in a given vicinity. Few women take a deep and direct interest in politics; they merely reflect the interests of their men-folks. Dress, domesticity and housekeeping, after a while pall on the attention, and a bright, intelligent woman observes to herself that life has lost its flavor. The peril that confronts her in this condition may cease to be transient and become permanent, and the attendant disadvantage is in her poverty of resource.

A general opinion has obtained acceptance that schools educate; that if one has gone through a certain course of study and come out on the other side of it, waving a certificate of thoroughness and proficiency, one is thenceforth a person of attainments in literature, and a well-disciplined graduate in mental exercises. Never was there a greater error. Schools and colleges do not educate—they prepare their pupils for the education of life. Their purpose is accomplished when they make their students facile in the use of tools. The best college, the best university, can do no more than this. Each of us can remember essentially commonplace, not to say tedious, people, who have had all the most distinguished people have been able to impart. The woman who has liberal early training is better off than her sister, whose range has been narrower, only as she has kept on in the use of the means for brain and heart growth with which the schools equipped her before they sent her forth.

If one would not be dull and rusty in middle life, one must constantly be taking in new stores, and constantly add to what one has already gained. Mastery of weapons is kept by continual daily practice. Some women drop bit by bit their accomplishments, their graces, their charms. One woman is older at thirty-five than another woman at sixty, because the latter had time to spend in thinking how the years were flying. Poverty of resource ages a women more inevitably than does sorrow, illness, or grief.

Think of women whose mental equipment is so scanty that they cannot keep attention steadily fixed on anything higher than a sensational romance; that they fidgit if a sermon exceeds twenty minutes in length; that every newspaper must have glaring headlines and dramatic narrative and a superfluity of pictures to be pleasing in their eyes. These are the every-day women who must endlessly talk, talk, over trifles; who cannot sit still and be composed when alone; to whom solitude is always intolerable, and who expatiate with amazing iteration over the most ordinary incidents, such as the breaking of a cup, the irritation of a servant, the tearing of a child's frock. Poverty of resource makes an indolent woman lazy until exertion is almost impossible, converts an impatient woman into a shrew, and intensifies the morbidness of the melancholy woman.

Every one of us needs something which can relieve the strain of the daily grind and take us out of ourselves. For breadth and future happiness, every woman should form a habit of daily reading, for profit as well as for pleasure. Aside from the Bible, which may be read perfunctorily, or may on the contrary, be a most fascinating study, the woman at home should take up, with seriousness and intention, some line of work in history, ethics, or natural science, and make it her custom to spend an hour upon it during daylight. The usual method is to work by daylight on the sewing, cooking, visiting, and other absorbing routine engagements, and read by the evening lamp. I am not sure that any except young eyes should read by artificial light. The midnight oil is responsible for many a morning headache. I hear remonstrances from this busy housekeeper, and that conscious mother, to which I reply that I have known a very successful author who not only kept up her reading, but wrote books with a string attached to her baby's cradle and her ear open to the calls of the older children at play outside her window. I recall another most delightful woman who never hesitated when her nerves began to tire, and she felt her tones sharpen, to stop where she was in the midst of her ironing and cleaning and go off with her children on a botanizing excursion in the woods.

We make too much of our sweeping and dusting, we have too many pretty things which require solicitous care, and we spend too much strength on pastry. A less elaborate style of house management would enable many women to read more, learn more, and think more than they do.

If one has an accomplishment, as drawing, painting or music one should be chary of letting that slip away from her. Time devoted to any beloved art or skill, to any handicraft not associated with daily necessity, is time well spent by the woman who would keep in health, vigor, and attractiveness as well as a wholesome interest in life, to her latest day.

Another desirable thing for the every-day woman is hospitality to new ideas. This does not mean that she shall be credulous, that she shall accept every novelty, or that she shall break away from the safe moorings of faith and doctrine. There are convictions which are founded upon a rock-bottom belief in God's Word, and can never be shaken. But the every-day woman is a conservative, and she often recoils from the presentation of truth in a new form, she regards anything unfamiliar with suspicion. Over-conservatism is a disadvantage of the every-day woman's make-up. Such a one cannot enjoy the Scriptures in any but the authorized version; the beauties and the new unfoldings of the English and American revisions are not agreeable nor understood

by her; the slightest change in the order of worship in the sanctuary is disturbing to her sense of fitness. Yet the woman who would not be fettered by the despotism of old methods must let herself expand and take in some new ideas.

And dear every-day woman, you must widen the circle of your friendships if you would retain the animation of your earlier days. Some of us have many friends; some have very few. She who clings only to her old friends will one day awake and discover that she is solitary, for our friends are always leaving us.

Look over the landscape of your life. Ten years, twenty years, thirty years ago, who were the women with whom you took sweet counsel? Take up the catalogue of the old school, of the Woman's Board, of the hospital committee; how many of the names there recorded no longer respond to the earthly voice.

"One by one we go," and so mercifully gradual are the changes that our heavenly Father appoints, we seldom recognize their character until we deliberately take a retrospective view. It is wise to make new friends on the road, and it seems a pleasant thing to anticipate new friends, to look forward in going to a new place, to an anniversary, or to any gathering of strangers, to the discovery of some one who shall be congenial and stimulating.

Another excellent step for the every-day woman is to definitely annex herself to some world movement beyond her own door. The woman who belongs to a Home or Foreign Missionary society, and who lives up to the measure of her obligations and privileges as a member is as really enlarging and benefiting herself as she is sending help to the frontiers or across the sea. A live society, not a formal, half-dead one, is a real school for nurture in all that is good. While hearts are yearning over the suffering women and children of heathenism, they grow more tender and compassionate for those who suffer at home. The comradship of society, the fellowship in service which is brought about by the coming together of a half-dozen churches in annual or semi-annual conferences, is an uplifting experience for the woman who, but for this outlet, would be drudging or dreaming at home.

Drudgery is good and dreaming is good, if either is limited; but neither is profitable if it usurps too large a place, and beneficent work with and for the Lord is the remedy for too much fanciful and too much of the realistic in one's progress.

But more than all else, beyond all else, the every-day woman needs and must have the blessedness of a walk with God. When we consider how accessible our Lord is, how free are his offers of company by the way, how gently he leads us, and how precious are his gifts and favors, what can we do but wonder at his goodness? Each of us may often, with Mary, sit at his feet; with Martha, serve him in small homely ways; with Dorcas, make raiment for his poor; with Rhoda, open a door for one of his disciples; with Phoebe and Priscilla and Julia, minister to his saints; with Eunice and Lois, instruct his little ones; with Lydia, gather his people together into our home for prayer; with the woman who loved much because to her much had been forgiven, break the alabaster box in its fragrance to rest his weariness; with watching women we may kneel at his cross still, and find him in the early dawn in the garden of lilies, not dead but risen. Commonplace, every-day women we may be, yet each of us may be our Lord's elect lady.

Among the joys of the every-day experience common to all, and consequent upon duty faithfully performed, are a thousand things uncalandared and unchronicled. The morning and evening greetings, the caresses of children, the visits of kindred and friends, the pleasures that spring up like summer flowers in the pathway, the letters from those we love, and the occasional bright surprises of success that dignify and beautify the home may be counted. More frequent is the bliss than the dole. Taken by and large, the every-day woman's life is so happy, that she, the uncrowned queen of a secluded home, need envy no monarch in her royal robes and on her golden throne.—Margaret E. Sangster in "The Daily Pathway."

Young People

A BULGARIAN SHEPHERD BOY.

A little hut in Bulgaria, made of mud and stone, was Pluck's home, and his father was so poor that he could hardly get food enough for his large family. Their clothes cost little, as they all wore sheepskins, made up with the wool outside.

Pluck was a bright, ambitious boy, with a great desire for study, and when he heard of Roberts College at Constantinople, he determined to go there. He told his father one day, when they were away together tending sheep, that he had decided to go to college.

The poor shepherd looked at his son in amazement, and said: "You can't go to college; it is all I can do to feed you children. I can't give you a piaster."

"I don't want a piaster," Pluck replied; "but I do want to go to college."

"Besides," the shepherd continued, "you can't go to college in sheepskins."

But Pluck had made up his mind, and he went—in sheepskins and without a piaster.

He trudged sturdily on day by day, until he reached Constantinople. He soon found his way to the college and inquired for the president.

Pluck asked for work, but the president kindly told him he must go away.

"Oh, no," said Pluck; "I can't do that. I didn't come here to go away."

When the president insisted, Pluck's answer was the same, "I didn't come here to go away."

He had no idea of giving up. "The king of France, with 4,000 men, went up a hill, and then came down again,' but it was no part of Pluck's plan to go marching home again; and three hours later the president saw him in the yard patiently waiting.

Some of the students advised Pluck to see Professor Long. "He knows all about you Bulgarian fellows," they said.

The professor, like the president, said there was no work for him, and he had better go away. But Pluck bravely stuck to his text: "I didn't come here to go away."

The boy's courage and perseverance pleased the professor so much that he urged the president to give Pluck a trial.So it was decided that he should take care of the fires.

That meant carrying wood, and a great deal of it, up three or four flights of stairs, taking away the ashes, and keeping all the things neat and in order.

After a few days, as Pluck showed no signs of weakening, the president went to him and said: "My poor boy, you cannot stay here this winter. This room is not comfortable, and I have no other to give you."

"Oh, I'm perfectly satisfied," Pluck replied. "It's

the best room I ever had in my life. I didn't come here to go away."

Evidently there was no getting rid of Pluck, and he was allowed to stay. After he had gained his point, he settled down to business, and asked some of the students to help him with his lessons in the evenings. They formed a party of six, so none of the boys found it a burden to help Pluck one evening a week.

After some weeks he asked to be examined to enter the preparatory class.

"Do you expect," asked the president, "to compete with those boys who have many weeks the start of you? And," he continued, "you can't go into class in sheepskins; all the boys would cry, 'Baa!'"

"Yes, sir, I know," Pluck said, "but the boys have promised to help me out. One will give me a coat, another a pair of trousers, and so on."

Although Pluck had passed the examination, he had no money, and the rules of the college required each student to pay $200 a year.

"I wish," said Professor Long, "that this college would hire Pluck to help me in the laboratory and give him $100 a year."

Pluck became the professor's assistant. But where was the other hundred coming from?

President Washburn sent an account of Pluck's poverty and great desire for an education to Dr. Hamlin, the ex-president of Roberts College, who was in America. The doctor told the story to a friend one day, and she was so interested that she said: "I would like to give the other hundred."

A boy who had so strong a will was sure to find a way."—Child's Companion.

THE TURKEY'S NEST.

One day the old turkey hen went out to find a place to make her nest. She went a long way, and she took a long time to find it, but when at last she had suited herself, she said:

"They may go to the east and go to the west,
But they'll never be able to find my nest;"

and she felt so proud of herself that she walked all the way home with her head in the air.

When she got home to the barnyard her friends were talking about her. There was the Gray Goose and the White Duck and the Brown Hen, and when they saw her coming they called: "Where in the world did you make your nest?"

"Guess,' said the turkey hen, and then they were puzzled.

"Well," said the Gray Goose at last, "when I go to make my nest I always try to get near the water, for there's nothing so good for my health—so I'll guess the goose pond."

"Right," cried the Duck, "I'll quite agree. The pond is just the place for a family."

"The idea," said the Brown Hen, chuckling to herself; "why, what could be healthier than hay or straw? I'll guess the haystack."

But though they did their very best,
They never could guess where she made her nest.

The turkey hen grew prouder and prouder, and she walked about the barnyard like a queen. One day the cook saw her, and said to the children: "Certain and sure, that old turkey hen has made her nest somewhere."

"Then I'll find it," cried Brother Fred. "She can't hide a nest from me."

"Then I'll find it," said Little Ben. And they all started out to look for it.

. . . .

Cousin Pen went down in the hollow and looked in the grasses and leaves and looked in the stumps and hollow trees.

But though he did her very best
She couldn't find the turkey nest.

Brother Fred went up on the hill to the gin-house, and down in the cotton-field, and round by the goose pond, where he found the Gray Goose and the White Duck taking a swim.

But though she did her very best
He couldn't find the turkey's nest.

Little Ben began at home to look. He looked under the house and behind the woodpile, and in the barn and out by the haystack; and while he was tipping about out there he frightened the Brown Hen from her nest, and she quarreled half the day about it.

But though she did her very best
He couldn't find the turkey's nest.

Then mamma said she must go and look. So she put on her bonnet and went to the wood-lot, and sat down under a tree just as quiet as she could be. By and by the turkey hen came along. She saw mamma and mamma saw her, but neither of them said a word. The turkey hen walked round and round in the wood-lot, just as if she wasn't thinking about anything, but at last she went through the big gate into the road.

Then mamma got up and followed her, just as still as a mouse, and the turkey hen

Went up the hill and down the hill,
And through the fields and by the mill,
And down across the meadow brook,
By many a turn and many a crook.

She went to the east and she went to the west,
But she never went near her hidden nest.

"I'll give up," said mamma, and the old turkey hen was prouder than ever.

Then papa said he must try; and early one morning before the children were awake he got up and started out to find the turkey's nest.

"He'll find it if anybody can," said Brother Fred, when he was told, and the children could scarcely wait for him to come home again.

He stayed so long that they went down the lane to meet him, and when he saw them coming, he called out:

"I declare I've done my very best,
But I can't find that turkey's nest."

And the turkey hen grew prouder and prouder. She stayed at her nest, wherever it was, nearly all the time

then, and only came to the barnyard when she wanted something to eat.

The Gray Goose and the White Duck and the Brown Hen said that they wouldn't be surprised at anything she did.

But they were surprised, and so were the children, when one morning she walked into the yard with twelve little turkeys, as fine as you please, walking behind her.

"Just look here,' she said, " at my children. I hatched them all out of my nest in the corner of the old rail fence." And then she added, as they gathered round to see:

" I tell you what, I did my best,
When I found that place to make my nest."

—Maude Lindsay in "More Mother Stories."

BOY AND A DOG SHOW.

A gentleman stopped suddenly before a sign which told that messenger boys were to be had on the inside. He hesitated, and then went in.

"How many boys have you now?" he asked.

"Six," was the reply; "it's dull today."

"Boys," said the gentleman, eyeing them scrutinizingly. "I suppose you know there is an exhibition of trained dogs tonight?"

The faces of the boys showed that they were perfectly aware of that fact, and that they might even give him some points in regard to it.

"Well, I'm looking for a boy to take a blind man to it."

A titter was the first response; then followed a variety of expressions, as, "What could a blind man see?" and "You can't guy us that way."

"I'm not jesting; I'm in earnest," said Mr. Davis; and then, looking at one of the boys who had said nothing, he asked, "Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think I could do it," was the reply.

"How do you propose to make him see it?"

"Through my eyes, sir. That the only way he could see it."

"You're the boy I'm after," said Mr. Davis, and he arranged for him to meet the blind man.

The exhibition was in a large theater and the blind man and his guide had a box to themselves, where they would disturb no one; but Mr. Davis from his seat in the audience knew that the boy was telling what went on so that the blind man could understand. Indeed, no one applauded more heartily than the blind man himself.

The following day Mr. Davis again appeared among the messenger boys, and, after a few words with the manager, he said:

"Boys, there was offered everyone of you yesterday a chance for lifting yourselves up in the world, but only one of you grasped it. My friend, the blind man, has felt for some time that he might get much pleasure out of life if he could find some young eyes to do his seeing for him, with an owner who could report intelligently. My friend is delighted with the experiment. He says he is sure I hit upon the one boy in town who will suit him, and has offered him a good position with a fine salary. Messenger boys are easy to get, but a boy who can make a blind man see is at a premium. You see, that boy, though he did not know it, was on the watch for a good opportunity, and when it came he knew how to manage it."—Brown Book.

IF I HAD BUT A WEEK TO LIVE.

In the Saturday Evening Post of August 15 there are brief statements from prominent men setting forth what they would do if they had but one week in which to live. The answers to this question are interesting, in that the statements make it perfectly clear to the reader which of the men are Christians, although a number of them do not so state in words, and we are left to judge by what they say they would do. There has been a good deal of sport made of Chauncey M. Depew, but his answer to the question heads the list and is worth repeating. He says:

"If I had but one week to live, how would I spend it? Your inquiry seems rather pertinent to a septpuagenarian.

First, I would make my peace with Heaven, as I was taught by my mother, according to the ways of Calvin and the Westminster Confession.

"Second, I would so arrange my affairs that courts and litigants could not divide my estate.

"Third, I would revisit the home scenes of childhood and youth, and spend a few hours under the elms of Yale, recalling with classmates and other alumni of my period the happiest days of one's life, his four years at Alma Mater.

"Fourth, I would invite to dinner those who have written the most vicious and nasty things about me. They would come if I sure was to die within the time, and, while disliking each other, we would unite in endeavoring to neutralize past vitrol with present honey.

"Then with those I love and who love me, the world and its cares forgotten, the closing hours should glide swiftly, cheerfully and sweetly by in story and song, in reminiscence and in soul communication—the parting here a foretaste of the meeting beyond."

George Barr McCutheon concludes the list, and his statement should make one a Christian, if for no other reason than to have peace of mind here and hope of the hereafter. He says, "I have such an unholy horror of death, and I can say in perfect sincerity that I should be compelled to spend that week in a madhouse."

THE RACE TRACK.

According to the old English, or common law, "Wheresoever more than three persons use force or violence for the occomplishment of any design whatever, all concerned are rioters." Governed possibly in his decision by a real or a fancied similarity, a certain New York jurist recently decided that "If one person bets with one other person it is not gambling; but if one person bets with many or all comers, or causes others to lay bets for him, it is gambling," the former being an act of personal liberty, the latter an enfringement of public morals.

The excerpt of the decision was published on the "sporting" page of an Oakland daily. Very possibly it is such like decisions that cause many people to make sport of the decisions of great Sampsons of jurisprudence.

A San Francisco evening daily is a champion of civic righteousness, an heroic defender of the graft prosecution, and an outspoken foe of an Oakland pro-graft daily, which should be used for the advancement of a society they considered antagnonistic to their interests, and sent an urgent message to Symmes asking the return of the Brewers' Association's pro rata of the surplus money. This matter Symmes now has under advisement, and his election is awaited with great interest.

WHAT CHINA IS ASKING FOR.

"To those who care to speculate in all humility on the widest problems of the future, our Shanghai correspondent offers a wide and tempting field. There is no longer any doubt, he tells us, that the old order of thought which has guided the lives of countless millions in the Chinese Empire through a long succession of centuries is passing away forever. The movement in favor of Western education has become irresistible. It is irresistible because it comes not from above but from below. It represents the genuine will of the people, or rather of those wide middle classes of the people who alone possess an articulate will.

"They have forced it upon the government, as it always does where it recognizes that this will has spoken, has adopted its decisions, and contents itself with seeking to guide a current which it cannot stem. The demand for 'Western learning' is of course primarily not a demand for knowledge as an end in itself. Until the war with Japan and the war between Japan and Russia, the traditional veneration in which the Chinese held their own classics, and education limited to those classics, was unshaken. But the first of these wars convinced them by its cruel lessons that this education did not produce sagacious statesmen or skillful soldiers. The second taught them that with Western learning an Asiatic State might victoriously resist one of the greatest of European Powers.

"They unquestionably missed the full meaning of Japan's success. They attributed to her acquisition of European arts and sciences results which were, in fact, due to her success in gratifying those arts and sciences upon rare moral qualities and habits which are wholly independent of them. It is the intimate combination of the objective methods of European science with her own ethical system which is the explanation of the present strength and greatness of Japan. The Chinese reformers commit the cardinal error of ascribing to the first of these results which it could never have achieved without the co-operation of the second. That error must prove fatal to their expectations unless they discover it and correct it, or unless it be unconsciously remedied by the sounder instincts of the community as a whole. But this very mistake only makes the education movement the stronger. Conservatives, like Chang Chih-tung, agree with reformers in holding it to be a short cut to national greatness. Both imagine that it will operate like a spell and dispense them from the slow and painful process of moral regeneration.

"But 'Western learning' cannot be pursued by an Eastern people, even for limited purpose of a purely material kind, without utterly upsetting some of their deepest and most fundamental conceptions. It inevitably inoculates them with new habits of thought, habits which react upon their entire mental and moral attitude in countless ways. It teaches them to reason from proved facts, to test statements and to reject statements which break down under the test. Much of what they have been hitherto taught and have implicitly accepted is manifestly and demonstrably incompatible with the elementary physical laws upon which their new learning rests. Much more is in open contradiction with the theories which those bred in that learning developed in religion, in philosophy and in ethics. The 'Atmosphere of Western thought' is fatal to their old beliefs and habits. They must either adopt beliefs and habits compatible with the scientific attitude or they must accommodate their own ethical system to that attitude. Should they fail to do one or other, moral chaos must be the outcome, and the new learning will have brought them not progress, but dissolution.

"The Japanese escaped from the necessity of making this dangerous choice in the earlier stages of their initiation into European thought. Amongst them it was the governing gentry who first imbibed the strong solvent of Western learning, and, fortunately for their country, this class possessed a lofty and coherent code of ethics, which was comparatively unaffected by the inevitable changes in their mental attitude. In other classes signs are not wanting of unsettlement and moral disturbance wrought by the sudden infusion of alien theories into minds which are not protected by the habits that attenuate the action of such doctrines amongst ourselves.

"The same symptoms may be observed in much more aggravated and diversified forms amongst the English-educated and half-educated natives of India. Numbers of these men have lost their hold of what is of lasting moral and social value in their ancestral systems without any real assimilation of the ideals and habits on which European character is based. How large and crude doses of 'advanced' European thought administered haphazard may affect the Chinese intellect and character remains to be seen. There is no reason to suppose that any class in China possesses such powers of resistance to the solvent of Western learning as did the Japanese Samurai. If the Chinese absorb the new teaching at all, the transformations it may produce are quite incalculable.

"To 400,000,000 of men whose ancient civilization has resulted in ethical conceptions wholly alien from ours, and whose intellectual ideas are not less diverse, the world of modern thought is we are told to be opened. Will the subjects of this portentious experiment emerge from it with success? The answer is pregnant with great issues to mankind. It would seem to depend upon the power of the Chinese to maintain their reverence for the vital truths and principles which unquestionably underlie their old system, while they are cultivating, assimilating, and adjusting to their own requirements those which are the foundation of the new. The measure of that power it would be rash, indeed, to estimate.

"The Chinese have kept their unity amid the clashings of empires, by the sole means of their notation," says a writer in the American Review of Reviews, "but they have also remained in semi-darkness while other nations advanced, by the continued use of a language which indicates ideas instead of pronounciation. To change is to progress. Progress is based on education. Education is based on language. The Chinese problem is the language problem, and if China herself and the other nations recognize this the 'Eastern Window' will soon open for light."—London Times.

THE PROGRESS OF PROHIBITION.

With the current number of Appleton's Magazine is inaugurated a series of articles. The editor says:

"In almost every consideration of what we characterize broadly as "the liquor question," the point really at issue is prohibition, whether or not that word comes to the fore. People are not discussing temperance in the sense of moderation, on which there is no respectable difference of opinion * * * Few now deny the wisdom of some restrictive legislation as to the manufacture or the sale of alcoholic beverages. * * * Although outside the common range of discussion as to the efficacy of legislation there is a question truly American and deserving of reply: Does prohibition pay?"

Applying the individual test, Mr. Geo. C. Lawrence discusses the question from the economic side. He begins his article with a reference to a notable dinner which was given twenty-two years ago to a famous physician. There were nineteen guests, all of whom ap-

plied themselves assiduously to the rare wines placed before them. The host meanwhile sat at the head of the table nibbling dry toast and sipping mineral water. "Isn't that pathetic?" said one of the guests to the famous physician. "Yes," was the cynical reply, as the medical man poised his glass of wine in mid-air, "Nineteen fools and one wise man."

It appears that eighteen years later the twelve survivors of this gathering met at another dinner. Ten out of the twelve drank mineral water. For reasons of health or of business they had become convinced that liquor-drinking did not pay. In that incident, Mr. Lawrence thinks, is to be found the true explanation of the present widespread legislation against liquor-selling. "Look around among your friends and associates in business," he says, "the men you know and meet, and note the change within your own recollection." In the army at the close of the Civil War practically every officer drank; "today one-third are total abstainers, and drunkenness costs a man his commission."

Economic conditions—in common parlance, "It doesn't pay"—form the great underlying factor of the anti-drink movement, which is primarily neither moral nor religious, but "a cold matter of dollars and cents." Steadily man has been forced to the conclusion that he cannot afford to drink.

The economic aspects of the anti-drink movement are many. There is the all-important one of productivity.

"Man is, if you will, simply an engine, and the question of running that engine most cheaply and efficiently is the question of its highest productivity—its greatest economic value. * * * Purchasers of labor—whether that labor be of a sewer-digger or a senator—want results from the human machine And it has been demonstrated that the human machine run on alcohol falls far behind that which is not. * * * No one has ever made a practical internal explosive engine operated by gunpowder, though many have tried. No one has ever evolved an efficient human machine working on alcohol, though millions have tried."

In discussing the aspect of longevity, Mr. Lawrence presents some remarkable figures prepared by the eminent English actuary, Sir Victor Horsley. Where the average mortality among adult males of all classes is one thousand, that of saloon-keepers is represented by 1,642, and of total abstainers, 560. Out of 100,000 inhabitants at thirty years of age, only 44,000 ordinary persons reach the age of seventy years, whereas 55,000 abstainers do so. Consequently, reckoning the population of the British Isles at 44,000,000, it is evident that if they were all abstainers the kingdom would be the gainer every year by more than four million work years; and, figuring the average annual earning capacity at $500, temperance, if adopted in England for economic reasons, would increase the labor output by $2,200,000,000 annually!

In the United States, according to life-insurance tables, the percentage of the actual death loss to the expected loss was: among abstainers, 78 to 100; among non-abstainers, 96 to 100. The increase in mortality among the Indians when alcoholic liquors were sold to them is a matter of common knowledge.

The economic waste of alcohol is recognized by many classes of professional men. Lawyers are no longer drinking men, as many of them were in the days of Aaron Burr and Daniel Webster. Fifty years ago many a doctor steadied his nerves for an operation with whisky. Today few, if any, do so. Why? Simply because it doesn't pay. With the workingman the question is still more vital. Figures show that he, too, is decreasing his consumption of drink. He has found that alcohol is not the right kind of fuel for the human machine, and that therefore it is an economic waste to use it. In many cases the use of intoxicants while on duty is prohibited. Some firms require their employees to sign a pledge.

The higher one goes in the social scale the more general is the acceptance of the fact that the use of liquor is economically wrong for the individual; and the same economic law applies to groups of individuals, the towns, and cities. "This is the explanation of the national spread of prohibition which has made 55 per cent of the country, with thirty-three million inhabitants, 'dry territory.' "—American Review of Reviews.

ALONE WITH GOD.

What joy it gives, and strength too, to begin each day by feeling, "On this day once again I am to live simply as a "servant of Jesus Christ: His will and not my own will is to sway the every hour!" "A servant of Jesus Christ!" then I dare not be the servant of sin; I must be holy as my Master is holy. "A servant of Jesus Christ!" then I will not be the servant of men; the maxims of the world will not rule me; I will not take my cue from the world; I am under orders only to my Master in heaven. "A servant of Jesus Christ!" then I **must** be the servant of men, to help them, to comfort them, and to stoop to the lowest offices in their behalf as my Master did. "A servant of Jesus Christ!" then, if His servant anywhere, I must be His servant everywhere; in all society with men I must never forget my servanthood to Him; I must show myself His servant openly as well as confess it secretly. "A servant of Jesus Christ!" then, if I want to know Him, I have simply to imitate Him, to walk as He walked, to plant my feet in His footprints. As the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, to see how their work should be done, and copy what they see, so my eyes "must wait upon the Lord." If His service is sometimes difficult I must not complain: He may use me as He wills. And at the end of all I will be more than satisfied if I only hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

To be a true and faithful servant such as this I must put myself daily, by fresh surrender, into Almighty hands, and so I use the words of ancient trust, "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit" for this day and every day till I need them no more. These words Jesus Himself used when, on the Cross, He was looking out on death; but they had been, before that, the words of one who was looking out, not on death, but on the difficulties adn trials of life. If they were enough for my Master to die upon they are enough for me to live upon, and so I say—

Into Thy **protecting** hands I commit my spirit, for the **keeping** of it. Life is full of temptations, the world full of snares; I cannot keep myself, but Thou canst keep me from falling; I trust myself to Thee.

Into Thy **tender** hands I commit my spirit for the **comforting** of it. The sorrows of my life may be many, the waters deep, the furnace hot; I may have thick darkness over me soon in which I will lose all my joy, but if Thou wilt whisper to me then, "I am with thee still," I will fear no evil.

Into Thy **correcting** hands I commit my spirit for the **sanctifying** of it. I am willing to be chastened if only the chastening makes me purer than before. Take what way Thou wilt with me, I will bless the hand that smites.

Into Thy **moulding** hands I commit my spirit for the **consecrating** of it. Use me for Thy glory. I would not live to myself. Let self be killed that Christ may be all in me. Turn me as the clay is turned in the potter's hands. I would fain be a vessel for the Master's use, filled with the Master's grace, and Thou canst make me so.

Then if death should come even suddenly and call for me, I will hear **Thee** calling, and reply, "Into Thy **redeeming** hands I commit my spirit for the **glorifying** of it. Thy creating hands fashioned me, Thy preserving hands have kept me, Thy guiding hands have led me, Thy appealing hands have beckoned to me, Thy smiting hands have chastened me, but they were always saving hands that delivered me, and sheltering hands that cover me. I ever found them to be loving hands. I have proved them to be strong, and so I trust myself entirely and for ever to Thee; "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit,

for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."—In the Secret of His Presence.

DISCOURAGED!

Discouraged? Let the word and the thought have no place in your life. Manhood is made for better things. The disheartening trials of today may be made the means of greater strength and a more satisfactory position on the morrow. Only, they are to be bravely met and conquered, not shirked and cowardly avoided. Even when sorrow comes, behind it may be seen the kind, loving countenance of a Father who wills well to all his children, and who gives liberally to all such as ask his sustaining grace and encouragement.

Discouraged? Think not of the burdens, but count the blessings of your life. Do not the mercies far outnumber the trials? The world is not a wilderness of woe, as a hymn unwisely puts it; but it is our Father's glorious workmanship, and his work is always good.

Discouraged? Sit not idly by the wayside in sackcloth and ashes. Be a doer; strive for the blessings you would have; conquer the difficulties that beset your pathway; learn to find happiness in carrying happiness to others; learn the gospel of work and helpfulness, and there will be no room left in life for discouragement.—Young People's Weekly.

Century Magazine, published by the Century Co., Union Square New York. In the September issue there is a discussion of far-reaching interest: "The Future Wheat Supply of the United States by Edward C. Parker of the University of Minnesota Agricultural Experiment Station. He points out the many means which may be utilized to meet the future demands for wheat, prophesying that agriculture, still only in its infancy, is bound sooner or later to have a rapid and widespread development, and that the limit of its possibilities will be extended by eacn succeeding generation. Since writing the article Mr. Parker has been called to Manchuria by the Chinese authorities to organize an experiment station. Two biographical articles worthy of attention and interest are William H. Crook's reminiscences of "Andrew Johnson in the White House" (written by Margarita Spalding Gerry), and "The Early Life of Robert Fulton," by Alice Crary Sutcliffe, great-granddaughter of the inventor.

September St. Nicholas, published by the Century Co., Union Square, New York. Quite the most interesting bit in the alluring pages of the September St. Nicholas in the story of how that dearest of all children's classics, "Alice in Wonderland,'" came to be written, told by Helen Marshall Pratt. It is a charming tale of the friendship of a quiet, reserved, bookish young lecturer at Christ Church College, Oxford, and of three dear children, daughters of the dean of the cathedral. Boating on the river, with tea on the banks, and story telling along the way, was the favorite play of these four comrades; and of the many stories told on these outings the adventures of "Alice in Wonderland" were written down to please little Alice Liddell, second of the children, later finding their way into print. "So little did the author understand what a wonderfully ingenious and fascinating book he had written, that he did not expect the first edition would ever be sold. But the two thousand books were very quickly disposed of. Every one wanted to read 'Alice,' and to have his friends read it. Not only little children, but grown people enjoyed it, and edition after edition has been printed and sold, and today it is even more sought after than when it was first published. It has become a classic and holds a place on children's book-shelves with 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Hans Christian Andersen.' 'There is not a spot in the civilized world, not a library with any pretension to literature where the Jabberwock and the Cheshire Cat are unknown.' "

"Pa!"
"Oh, be quiet!"
"Pa!"
"Well, what is it?"
"What did the Dead Sea die of?"
—Selected.

"Notice—the only persons buried in this cemetery are those living in the parish."—Sourire.

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